

# THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 12. NO. 50.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1895.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

Mike Kearns returned to the city Tuesday.

For the latest in neckwear go to J. R. Johnson.

John Herron, of McNaughton, was in the city Friday.

Beers has the finest line of underwear in the city.

Dave Vaughn spent Sunday with his family in the city.

Paul Browne was laid up with a hard cold last week.

Keep the G. A. R. masquerade on the 2nd in your mind.

Sheriff O'Connor, of Vilas county, was in the city Monday.

J. R. Johnson carries a full line of E. & W. collars and cuffs.

E. R. LeFever was down from Tomahawk Lake Monday.

If you wish a good fitting suit equal to tailor made, go to Beers.

E. G. Squier was at Minocqua this week giving the new band their first lesson.

The government thermometer went down to 47 below zero Monday morning.

J. R. Johnson has a large line of gent's driving gloves which he will sell at cost.

Prof. C. M. Gleason entertained his friend Chas. Jacobson, of Ashland, last Sunday.

Judge J. W. McCormick left last week for Harriman, Tennessee, on law business.

The symposium was pleasantly entertained last Saturday evening by Miss Mabel Bronson.

Miss Mattie Vaughn, teacher of the Tomahawk Lake school, visited home here over Sunday.

Parents, if you wish to save money, go to Beers for your boys' and children's clothing.

Wausau will make an effort to secure the new additional reformatory to be built by the state.

Mrs. J. A. Gilchrist and daughter, of Watertown, S. D., are visiting the family of W. B. LaSelle this week.

A service in memory of Mr. W. H. Brown will be held in the Congregational Church probably on Feb. 17.

John McInnes, of Merrill, one of the old time and successful loggers on the Wisconsin, was in the city Tuesday.

An entertainment will be given at the Congregational church tomorrow evening by the Lyceum League of America.

A committee in the Congregational Church is preparing its history. The first chapter will be given to night at the mid-week service.

Among the many good things on the program to be given by the Lyceum League of America, is a debate on the question "Should immigration be further restricted."

P. J. Sultz harness shop has been moved from its former location on Brown street to the building next to W. L. Beers' store, in the old post-office building, where he is ready to do business with a full line of goods and satisfactory work.

W. H. Hemingway writes The New North that he is not 72 years old—not by ten years and that he doesn't intend to be beaten out of the best ten years of his life by any little seven-year-old newspaper, and that he can prove this only 62. "Papa" is getting as particular as an old maid.

A petition is being circulated among the principal business men here for the founding of a school for the feeble minded. A bill has been presented in the legislature and the petition prays that the bill may become a law. No school for the feeble minded now exists and one would, if established, do much good.

State Timber Agent Mullen, was in the city last Thursday making arrangements with several woodsmen to look over the burned district of the State Park. E. S. Shepard, Thos. Collins, Tim Lennon, A. Skerewright and some from other places were engaged. Monday noon some of them started at the work.

O. W. O. Hardman, Sheriff of Tyler Co., W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says: "It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds." For sale at Palace Drug Store.

For a good suit of clothes go to J. R. Johnson's.

Alban & Barnes moved into their new offices this week.

R. Otto was down from State Line Tuesday on a business trip.

Dr. Stone is nicely situated in his new quarters in the Bank block.

Matt Stapleton is selling watches to the boys in camp about here.

E. C. Sturdevant was at Minocqua Tuesday inspecting a car load of oil.

Look at J. R. Johnson's stock of gloves and mittens, which he is selling at cost.

Hugh McLean, of the firm of McLean Bros., went south on business yesterday.

The Whist Club were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Shafer Monday evening.

Chas. Hansen, of the firm of Hall & Hansen, logging near Harshaw, was in the city yesterday.

The cold snap was pretty severe on water pipes, especially if they were not carefully looked after.

The G. A. R. masquerade is always a success and the Post will make this years, no exception to the rule.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Robbins leave to day for Grand Haven, Michigan, to attend the funeral of W. H. Brown.

Mrs. H. Zimmerman, of Chicago, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. Rosenzweig, and will remain several weeks.

D. K. Jeffries and Fred Hanchett, of Jeffries, drove over to the city Tuesday. They returned the same day.

Nate Alderson was in the city yesterday. He says their camps are rushing in logs faster than usual this weather.

A. H. Stange, of Merrill, one of the valley's most prominent lumbermen and manufacturers, was in the city yesterday.

The shadow social at the Baptist church Monday evening drew a large number of people who thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

Word from Frank Davis says that he and James Lawless like their new position in Evansville, Indiana, and that the climate is mild and fine.

The marshal, of Minocqua was in the city Monday with a couple of prisoners whose board will be paid by Vilas county for the next 60 days.

Gentlemen, cold weather is at hand and if you want to feel comfortable and preserve your health, go to Beers' and get one of those nice overcoats.

Mrs. J. E. Jackson was called to Marinette Tuesday noon to attend her sister, Mrs. Wm. Clark, of that place, who is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

The Episcopal ladies social at the residence of A. G. Hunter is tomorrow evening. A sleigh ride party precedes the dancing, cards and refreshments.

Young men if you want a stylish overcoat, cut in the latest design, extra long, and equal to any made to order, and for about one half tailor's price, go to W. L. Beers'.

Paul Browne left last evening on a business trip to Milwaukee.

R. D. McLeod, of Eagle River, was in the city Monday on business and found time to call upon his many friends.

The Catholic social at the house of Mr. and Mrs. John Rezin last week was a very pleasant affair and profitable for the ladies.

Those who imagined that we wouldn't have much of a winter this year have changed their minds on account of the weather.

Miss Mattie Thompson, who has been visiting friends here for the past two weeks, returned to her home in Milwaukee Tuesday night.

The weather moderated somewhat yesterday, but the cold wave flag was put up at noon, and the wave got in early in the evening.

A large number attended the social given by the Catholic ladies last evening at the residence of Mrs. Vanstate. A pleasant time was had by all.

Its about time some more Mayoralty timber was trotted out. Its getting dull in that line. No one has been "mentioned" for several days.

R. V. Day and wife left for Hot Springs, Arkansas, Monday evening, where Mr. Day hopes to receive beneficial treatment for rheumatic trouble.

Judge S. H. Alban, and daughter Anna, and Mrs. A. D. Daniels left Monday evening for Albuquerque, New Mexico, where they will remain two or three months.

Rev. J. J. Baldwin, of Elkhorn, Wis., is conducting revival meetings at the Baptist church each evening. All are invited, and good sized audiences are the rule.

Spafford & Cole have an advertisement that will appeal to the innermost feelings of all. Look over their biscuit proposition and be sure and call at their store either Friday or Saturday.

Mrs. Helen Lewis, superintendent of evangelical work for the W. C. T. U. will lead the union meeting at the Reading Room next Sunday afternoon. Her subject will be, "Christ our Helper."

The fireman's ball occurs on the 14th inst. The cause is a worthy one. The fire department should have substantial encouragement and the dance will furnish a pleasant evening for all who attend.

An effort is being made by some to have the Minocqua dam taken out. Who they are that want it done does not appear on the surface, but the opposition to such a proposition will be exceedingly lively.

Rev. Mr. Birch came up from Antigo Sunday and held Episcopal services at the residence of W. L. Beers. The new church is nearly ready for occupancy and services will be held there the first of next month.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Baptist church will hold a necktie social at their church parlors Wednesday evening, Feb. 13. Refreshments for two and a pretty necktie all for the sum of 25 cents. A cordial invitation is extended to all who wish a jolly evening profitably spent.

The following notice, which recently appeared in an English paper, might be put on the bulletin boards in our churches: "The service on Sunday morning is at 10:30 a. m. The supposition that it is ten minutes later is a mistake. Young men are not excluded from the week-night service. The seats in the front portion of the church have been carefully examined. They are quite sound and may be trusted not to give way. It is quite legitimate to join in the singing. The object of the choir is to encourage, not to discourage, the congregation."

A Des Moines woman who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a tablespoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold had almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time) and at night again took a tablespoonful before going to bed, and on the following morning awoke free from all symptoms of the cold. Since then she has, on several occasions, used this remedy in like manner, with the same good results, and is much elated over her discovery of so quick a way of curing a cold. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

This is Langdon's short list: 40 pounds of granulated sugar, \$1.00 20 " " dairy butter, 4.00 The whole list goes for \$5.00. This list is made up especially for the poor farmer, but he will sell to anyone who has the \$5.

Dr. E. H. Keith, the dentist, has removed to his new quarters in the new Merchants State Bank building, and is straightened out and ready for business. He has fine, well lighted and heated rooms on the second floor and is equipped with all the late appliances for scientific dentistry.

Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides at Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieves the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and that she has also used it for lame back with great success. For sale at Palace Drug Store.

Geo. Joseph repairs guns and bicycles at Cory & Mack's store opposite City hotel.

MARRIED—Lowe—Fendrich—At the Methodist parsonage Feb. 3, Willie Lowe, of McNaughton, Wis., to Augusta Fendrich, of the same place. Rev. D. C. Savage officiating.

The Lake Shore Lumber Co. came near losing a four horse team in Tomahawk Lake Monday. They broke through, sleigh and all, but a passing team was utilized to get them out without damage.

The Priscilla Literature Circle will discuss John Ruskin next Monday evening. Miss Leaty Earle will read a paper on his place in general literature and Rev. J. H. Chandler will speak on Ruskin as a reformer.

So far no one has formally announced their candidacy for the Municipal Judgeship. It is an important as well as a good paying office under the provisions of the law now before the legislature.

An effort was made by several young men to get the Arion orchestra, of Oshkosh, here for a party soon, but nothing has come of it. They are not coming this way and the distance is too great for a one night stand for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Brown lost their five months old daughter, Annie, Monday. The little one was taken with the grip a week ago, being of a slight constitution, passed away. The funeral services were held at the home yesterday afternoon. The interment was at Forest Home cemetery.

Francis Ulrich has received notification from the State Oil Inspector that he has been appointed Deputy Inspector for the district comprising Oneida, Vilas and Forest counties. The appointment is a satisfactory one to the people, and Francis will faithfully discharge his duties.

At the evening service at Union Congregational Church next Sunday Rev. J. H. Chandler will speak on some lessons of Lincoln's life. The offertory solo will be by Miss Clyde Bailey, who leaves next week for Milwaukee. Miss Bailey has done excellent service in the choir at the Congregational Church and will be much missed.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Egloff are keeping house in the rooms over W. L. Beers' store. They moved last week, and The New North had it that it was their store and not their home which had been moved. The mistake was a disagreeable one alike to Mr. and Mrs. Egloff and to this office, and we hasten to correct it. How it came to be made is a question between one of the employees of the office, the dryman who furnished the news and the compositor who set it up. We want to do no one an injustice and therefore gladly say that its a horse on us and that Egloff's jewelry store is at its old and present location to stay.

John A. Logan Post will attend services in a body on Sunday evening, Feb. 10, at the M. E. church. The occasion is the commemoration of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, it being the 55th anniversary and known to all patriotic societies as "Union Defenders Day." On this occasion all comrades of the G. A. R., all ex-soldiers, sailors and sons of veterans, are cordially invited to meet at Post headquarters at 7 p. m. sharp, and accompany the Post to the church.

Done by order of the commander, F. M. Mason, Adj.

Rev. W. D. Cole, of Whitewater, Wis., will deliver a lecture in the M. E. Church Feb. 25 at 7:30 p. m. Subject, "The Rejected Stone." Mr. Cole delivered his famous lecture on Abraham Lincoln, in this city last winter, which was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. He is one of the finest orators of the day. The following is what the press say about Mr. Cole's lecture:

The address was pronounced one of the most masterly ever given in this city, and no abstract, and hardly a verbatim report, could give adequate idea of its strength and power—Elkhorn Blade.

It was a fine address teeming with lofty thoughts, earnest admonitions, vigorous denunciations of governmental evils, and beautiful tributes to Lincoln, Washington, Grant, Webster, and others among the nation's great men. From first to last it was a patriotic address, and characterized by a moral and spiritual vein that almost clasped it as a sermon.—Green Bay Daily Gazette.

## WILLIAM H. BROWN'S SUFFERINGS ENDED MONDAY AT EL PASO, TEXAS.

Monday forenoon a dispatch was received by relatives here that W. H. Brown had died at El Paso, Texas that morning. The end was expected and though the news was a painful shock to his kin and the entire community, all knew that it was simply a question of time when the disease which had fastened itself upon him would overcome his indomitable will and constitution. Nearly a year ago a hard cold terminated in tuberculosis. He sank rapidly and despite the best of treatment and attendance his life could not be saved. In Oct. he went to the south, accompanied by his wife and nurse. Although appearances indicated an improvement for a time, the change did no more than to prolong his lease of life. The end came peacefully and Mr. Brown was fully resigned to his fate. The funeral services and interment will take place at his boyhood home, Grand Haven, Mich., on Friday.

No citizen of Rhinelander could be called away, whose death would create more profound sorrow than that of William H. Brown. He was universally respected and with his many employees there was a feeling of kindness seldom exhibited. He was a splendid citizen, a kind and just man to all and to his own he was all that a husband and brother could be. A wife, Mattie Robbins Brown, a brother, Peter A., and a sister, Mrs. Wm. A. Doherty, of Ontonagon, Mich., survive him. Mr. Brown was a successful and energetic business man. He first began his commercial career in Grand Haven. From there he went to Muskegon, where he engaged in the manufacture of lumber for several years. He then went into the DeSoto Lumber Co., of Minneapolis and six years ago he associated himself with Mr. F. S. Robbins, of this city, under the firm name of Brown & Robbins, which firm continued up to a month ago, when it was merged into the Brown-Robbins Lumber Co.

The Taxing of Saw Logs.

The much vexed question of log taxation is one of the things that will get a full share of attention in the legislature this winter, as it has heretofore. Under the present law the owner or agent can elect to pay the taxes either where he resides or where the logs are manufactured. It is claimed that this privilege of election gives the log man a chance to get competition between two localities, and pay his taxes where he can get the lowest assessment.

A bill has been introduced in the senate that provides that the logs must be taxed in the counties where cut. This idea does not suit lumbermen, who say that they are "clenched" and made to pay exorbitant taxes under that system, and they will have attorneys here to fight when the time comes.

The Jane Cooles aggregation of actors came last Friday evening and presented Romeo and Juliet, according to previous announcement. Poor old Jane! To think that the woman who taught Joseph Jefferson what he knew about acting, when he was a boy, should continue to tramp about the country at the head of an organization playing Shakespeare's stuff, and in her dotage imagine that she is still in the legitimate push. It was awful to witness her rantings and be compelled to listen to her sub-clerical tones and not be able to fight back. But the audience stood it well, and after Jane and her gang had every body groggy, the leading juvenile and property man came before the curtain and told us that it was all over and we could go home. We went.

The hard times social given by the Congregational society at Mrs. Ed. Perry's Tuesday evening was one of the most successful affairs of the kind ever held in the city. The visitors were arrayed in costumes indicative of the name of the social and some startling make-ups was the result. Mrs. Chace easily captured first prize as having the best ladies' costume and Ernest Mickeljohn carried off the honors for the men. Refreshments consisting of coffee, cake and sandwiches were served and an interesting musical program given.

"The People of the Mist," the new serial by H. Rider Haggard, begins in this issue of The New North. Don't miss it.

John Hanson and wife, of Minocqua, was in the city Wednesday.

Geo. Marshall, of Woodbora, spent Sunday in the city.

## A TOTAL LOSS BY FIRE.

James Young's House and Contents Entirely Destroyed.

The two story frame house of James Young, in the town of Pelkan, was destroyed Monday forenoon about ten o'clock. The furniture, with a small exception, and the other contents of the house were burned. The loss is in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. Young narrowly escaped with his life and was badly burned on the hands and arms.

A hired man started an exceedingly hot fire in the parlor, so hot in fact that the woodwork and carpet ignited. Before it was noticed by the children, who were in the room, the blaze was well under way and with the meager protection at hand nothing could be done to stop the flames progress. It was with difficulty that a part of the furniture was gotten out. In trying to take out a large lamp Mr. Young was struck on the head by a burning rafter and knocked to the floor, where his hands and arms were badly burned before he could extricate himself. Besides the loss of the building, a good large, two story frame and log house, the furniture and fixtures, there were 20 bushels of potatoes and a large amount of other produce in the cellar. Everything was a total loss, and we are sorry to say that Mr. Young had no insurance on any of it. He will move his family into Frank Davis' house on the North Side for the balance of the winter.

The Hair.

According to an old adage, "When a man thinks himself a genius, he lets his hair grow long; when a woman thinks she has a mission in life, she cuts hers short."

This is not always true, however. As to the gentle sex, at all events. There are many reasons why short hair on a woman is neither unbecoming, immodest or an evidence of a weak (we should have said strong) mind.

And one of the best of these reasons is found in a story based on truth and charmingly told, entitled "A Boy's Crop." Why one woman wears short hair," by Kendal Palmer, in Home and Country, for February. The history of the struggle between headache with long hair and headache with short hair, the latter owing to a husband's objections which were finally conquered with results entirely satisfactory to all concerned, brought about, is graphically told. While the truth of an old "saw" is thus ruthlessly knocked to flinders, one husband and wife were united more closely together, and a hint given for the use of others who may now oppose short hair in a woman. In the story of "A Boy's Crop."

Home and Country is published by Jos. W. Kay, 33 East 10th Street, New York. Subscription \$1.50 a year.

A Great Lumber Paper.

The annual statistical number of the Mississippi Valley Lumberman, which came this week is the finest number of a lumber journal, all things considered, which we have ever seen. It consists of 15 pages and contains an itemized statement of the cut and stock on hand in every lumber town of the Northwest. It also contains a splendid lot of general matter of interest to the trade, and typographically it is a beauty. Rhinelander is given a page notice, with map showing railway and river locations, and the statistics give the cut in 1894 as seventy-two million feet of lumber. The stock now on hand in local yards is given at fifty-eight million feet.

Our State Tax.

County Treasurer Woodcock on Monday remitted the sum of \$625.51, of which amount \$597.12 was the state tax for Oneida county for the past year. The balance of the amount was circuit court fines. The state tax was paid by the various municipalities of the county as follows: City of Rhinelander, \$221.74; Town of Pelkan, \$221.71; Town of Hazelhurst, \$85.23; Town of Woodbora, \$37.84.

A Diminutive Blaze.

The fire department was called out Tuesday for the first time in several weeks. A fire under the floor in W. L. Beers' clothing store was the cause of the alarm and it was extinguished in short order.

Wanted.

A Man that is willing to put in his time and furnish small bond and references, to act as our agent in this city and vicinity. Good, permanent and profitable business for the right man. Address, E. S. West, Mgr., Grand Union Tea Co., Marinette, Wis.





Valentine to a Flirt

YOU who capture hearts in  
pleasure  
Golden-haired and gay,  
You will get some true and true  
Valentines today.  
Each one with its message tender  
Owing absolute surrender  
Of the true heart of the sender  
Such is Cupid's way.

You will find my own confession  
In among the rest  
It is every man's impression  
That you love him best.  
So, like the rest of the others  
Of my sentimental brothers,  
I am one who truly smother  
Love within his breast.

But I know you, little flirt you  
Hoping to do me wrong;  
That the very vice of virtue  
Proven by your tongue.  
Every line of your face will parry  
Of these twenty men who tarry.  
Then, at last, go off and marry  
Number twenty-one!

—Felix Corcoran, in Life.



Pudd's Two Valentines

JULIUS CESAR  
PODD was a  
clerk in a retail  
dry goods store.  
It is difficult  
to imagine that  
an individual  
bearing so his-  
toric a baptis-  
mal name  
should be de-  
creed by fate to wear it in the common-  
place atmosphere of a mercantile life,  
but that is true.

To behold Mr. Podd on a Sunday  
afternoon, or on some evening, after  
the multitudinous affairs of business  
had ceased until the morrow, one would  
almost have been led to believe that  
the baptismal name was scarcely ade-  
quate to the man, for when Mr. Podd  
had cast aside the entraining shackles  
of dependent circumstances and stood  
forth in the full freedom of a small-  
salaried clerk-off duty, he might readily  
have been mistaken for a railroad mag-  
istrate, or a bank official with an evident  
inclination toward some country where  
extradition law is not.

At such periods, it required an ex-  
ceedingly imaginative brain to grasp  
the thought that the individual who  
whirled past in the newest, and most  
stylish of rigs—to the utter annihilation  
of his week's salary—or who occupied  
one of a reserved pair of orchestral  
chairs, front was but the same person  
who smilingly tore down one side of a  
dry goods establishment to enable  
some undecided female to select a spool  
of thread, or who rounded yards upon  
yards of Hamburgs and other deco-  
rative goods which similar consistent  
creatures had examined with a thor-  
oughness known only to the feminine  
mind.

Mr. Podd cherished intentions, which,  
if rightly matured, as they certainly  
would be the course of human events,  
would give to his existence that colour  
de rose which the poets affirm con-  
stitutes earthly felicity.

Mr. Podd's intentions were of a matri-  
monial nature.  
He loved.

In this case the sentiment was a  
species of mild insanity that often at-  
tacks young men of a marriageable age  
and an unmarriageable salary, and Mr.  
Podd exhibited many of the symptoms  
in an aggravated form.

He took in two or three extra squares  
each day in walking to and from his  
place of business that he might pass  
the abode which sheltered the idol of  
his soul, and, perchance, be rewarded  
by a smile, or look of recognition from  
the fair occupant.

The fair being who thus animated the  
pleasure of Mr. Podd's existence was a  
Miss Melinda Smythe—her father  
spelled it Smith in bygone days.

This maiden dwelt with her mother,  
whose small income was obtained by  
working early and late at dressmak-  
ing.

Miss Melinda led a life of the field  
existence, and while her mother  
dressed, and cooked, and sewed  
in the little back room, her daughter  
received in the front apartment, or  
went out to concerts and theaters, from  
which she brought back lyrical souve-  
nirs to be distributed, with the aid of a  
cheap rented piano, to the neighbor-  
hood at frequent intervals.

From the department of Miss Melinda  
in public, one was led to regret that a  
life of fashionable dissipation had  
brought about too young a creature,  
and when she referred to her resi-  
dence, it was in a tone that at once  
suggested a brown-stone front, plate  
glass, and an extensive retinue.

In Mr. Podd's eyes, her bearing was  
simply regal, and he rejoiced in the  
distant atmosphere of her presence,  
unmindful of any doubts of its genu-  
ineness.

Miss Melinda had gained her knowl-  
edge of aristocratic deportment from  
theatrical boards and the pages of the  
romantic school of literature she de-  
lighted in devouring in prodigious  
quantities, but as Mr. Podd's ideas had  
been generated by the same equivocal  
source, he detected none of the flaws  
patent to a more acute or less interest-  
ed person.

Melinda Smythe, or entertained, in se-  
cret, visions of a vine-embowered cot-  
tage, with this divinity as its presiding  
deity, for if there be any excuse for a  
rash plunge into the tumultuous sea of  
matrimony it is that the unfortunate  
victim leaps from the positive infeli-  
city of the typical obscure boarding  
house into the blissful unknown.

Mr. Podd's sojourn at these lodgings,  
however, was a matter of policy, both  
on account of the cheapness of food and  
board, and also on the score that, owing  
to the undisguised partiality of the  
landlady's daughter for this particular  
boarder the mother was more lenient  
in collecting his arrears and more in-  
dulgent in many of the minor workings  
of the establishment, including choice  
morsels at the table and a thoughtful  
superiority of his wardrobe and room.

Owing to these several advantages  
he lingered on, yet refused to allow his  
perverted heart to be softened by the  
blandishments of the daughter more  
than was essential to his own com-  
fort and convenience as a privileged  
boarder.

When he wished an extension of  
credit or to secure some special favor  
Mr. Podd was wont to escort his land-  
lady's daughter, in whose fashioning  
nature had neglected to include any  
element, to some place of worship or  
to an entertainment where the price of  
admission was most moderate, suffer-  
ing untold anxiety the while lest the  
odious Tom Jones should be lurking  
in the sunlight of Miss Melinda's pres-  
ence during this voluntary exile on his  
part.

Mr. Podd's finances were slowly re-  
covering from the severe drain to which  
they had been subjected during the  
Christmas. February he was walk-  
ing leisurely from business towards his  
lodgings, calculating a method by  
which he might be able to pay some  
bills, long since due, yet retain a suf-  
ficient surplus to treat the fair Melinda  
to a sleigh ride, recklessly promised at  
a time when the weather gave strong  
and almost certain indications of verg-  
ing into balmy spring, while, with a



"REGONE, YOU VILLAIN!"

perversity known in no other thing  
save women. It now gave as positive  
evidence of a speedy fall of snow.

As he passed down the street his at-  
tention was drawn to a crowd gathered  
before a stationer's window and promi-  
nent among them was the error obnox-  
ious Tom Jones, who, with the others,  
was absorbed in the contemplation of  
a display of valentines.

At once the green-eyed monster sug-  
gested the idea that this exasperating  
rival was even then engaged in select-  
ing one of those dainty missives by  
means of which he might convey to the  
object of their common admiration an  
accurate state of his feelings, and Mr.  
Podd at once decided on adopting simi-  
lar measures in an avowal of the pas-  
sion that alike consumed his soul and  
salary.

Now, it would seem that from a well-  
stocked assortment of valentines, one  
might readily make a selection, but  
Mr. Podd found a difficult task.

Many of these dainty messengers ap-  
peared too cold and indifferent to suit  
the critical taste of this customer;  
others were of too obscure a nature to  
portray the proper intensity of emotion  
that stirred the profound depths of  
Mr. Podd's soul.

Finally he chose one, in which arrow-  
pierced hearts and very fat cupid—  
who were evidently in the same plight  
as Flora McKlim—were together with  
congenial doves, clasped hands, mot-  
toes of truth, fidelity, constancy and  
devotion, with other symbols repre-  
senting a harmonious state of affairs  
generally, were scattered prodigally  
over gilded paper in filigree design.

As Mr. Podd turned to go, his eyes  
fell on a pile of comic valentines which  
lay near.

Some one has said the destiny of a  
nation turns frequently upon a small  
pivot. That of an individual is often  
as delicately poised.

This careless glance proved the turn-  
ing point which overthrew fortune,  
and enthroned her unwelcome kins-  
woman in the near future of Mr. Podd's  
existence.

The topmost valentine portrayed a  
splendid-looking female, seated at an  
antiquated piano which she was lea-  
suring in a blood-curdling way in ac-  
companyment to some operatic gem,  
supposed to be issuing from her very  
extensive mouth. An unhappy fellow,  
with arched back, distended eyes and  
enlarged canine appendages, lifted up  
her agonized wail from an adjacent  
fence. Below this sketch was a verse,  
in which comparison between the two  
singers was much in favor of the cat.

An evil thought, perhaps, born of a  
recent request for arrears for board,  
entered the mind of Mr. Podd to be-

stow this souvenir of St. Valentine on  
the landlady's daughter, who also  
thrummed the piano, and acting on the  
sudden impulse he bought the missive.

When at his lodgings he directed  
both valentines, feeling secure on the  
one hand that his landlady's daughter  
was not familiar with his penman-  
ship, and writing on the sentimental  
one the initials, J. C. P., that Miss  
Melinda might not mistake the sender.

On St. Valentine's day, Mr. Podd  
arose somewhat later than usual, and  
hurriedly went down to breakfast,  
forgetting the two missives lying upon  
the table in his room.

While he was eating the maid-of-all-  
work started on her cleaning tour, and  
with the proverbial neatness that  
enables members of her ilk to detect  
anything save dirt or disorder, the two  
forgotten valentines, in their white  
wrappers, were the first things to at-  
tract her attention.

As they had not been sealed, it was  
but a few seconds until she was mirth-  
fully regarding the rival musings of  
the one, and feasting her eyes upon  
the prodigious collection of love tokens  
contained in the other.

She had scarcely time, on hearing ap-  
proaching footsteps, to return the val-  
entines to the wrappers, unconsciously  
changing them in her haste, and take  
up her broom with as innocent an ex-  
pression as the occasion demanded,  
when Mr. Podd hurriedly entered,  
picked up the envelopes, sealed them,  
and thrust them into his pocket, to-  
tally ignorant of the exchange which  
had taken place.

That evening after business Mr. Podd  
sought the nearest tonorial artist, un-  
der whose special care he placed him-  
self for the next half hour, then he  
wended his happy way to the abode of  
his soul's ideal.

Imagine the consternation of the  
hapless Mr. Podd, who, on presenting  
himself to the fair Miss Melinda, se-  
cure in the expectation of a cordial  
greeting—nay, perhaps a tender one—  
found himself met with chilling scorn,



"REGONE, YOU VILLAIN!"

while that young lady dramatically  
waved him hence.

"Regone, you villain," she wrathfully  
exclaimed, in true stage parlance, and  
with another tragic wave of her hand.

"Why, Miss Melinda," began the as-  
tounded Mr. Podd.

"Don't 'Miss Melinda' me, you base  
hypocrite, you!" screamed the young  
lady, allowing her temper to overcome  
her predilection for heroics.

"Great Jupiter! My dear Miss Me-  
linda," stammered the unfortunate  
Mr. Podd.

"Go!" cried Miss Melinda, in still  
shriller tones. "Must I have you  
ejected from this apartment? Mar?"

she added, opening the door leading  
into the back room, "here is this con-  
temptible puppy, Podd."

"Has he come back here again?" and  
the frate mother appeared upon the  
scene. "Maybe he come to see if your  
cat still out-squall you," she said in  
harsh and sarcastic tones, as she con-  
fronted the bewildered victim of their  
joint accusations.

"Or to have my voice remind him of a  
file on a cross-cut saw," rejoined  
the daughter with a little hysterical  
sob. "O, mar! drive him away. I  
can't bear the sight of him."

"My child! don't let such a misera-  
ble creature disturb you," said the  
mother, soothingly; then, pointing to  
the outer door, said:

"Get right out o' here, an' don't put  
your foot nigh this house ag'in. If I  
was a man I'd learn you how to insult  
unprotected ladies," she added, as a part-  
ing injunction when Mr. Podd, with  
his hand pressed to his head in a dazed  
sort of way, turned and fled into the  
darkness.

An hour or two afterward, as he  
stole dejectedly into his lodgings he  
met at the door his landlady's daugh-  
ter, who had his sentimental valentine  
in her hand, and beamed upon him a  
happy smile.

"Oh, Mr. Podd!" she tenderly ex-  
claimed, "how can I ever thank you  
for this too awfully lovely valentine?  
I've been watchin' for you ever since  
supper. Do come into the parlor,  
where there is a nice warm fire an'  
things look easy."

For Mr. Podd! He mattered some-  
thing about being consumed by a rag-  
ing headache, and declining all pro-  
ferred remedies. He went hastily to his  
room, where, locking himself securely  
within, he gave up fully to the anguish  
of the hour.

It is a cause for little wonder, there-  
fore, that any allusion to St. Valen-  
tine's day now causes a deep depression  
to settle on his once susceptible heart  
and a chill to pervade his sensitive  
being.—Detroit Free Press.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

### TREATMENT FOR COLIC.

The Remedies of Our Grandmothers Are of Little Use.

Humorous allusions to "colicky  
babies" are never fully appreciated un-  
til the condition is observed in each in-  
dividual's own offspring, and then  
somehow the humorous side is gone,  
for of all most-disturbing ailments,  
colic takes the lead.

Overfeeding is a prolific cause, and  
very often by reducing the food sup-  
ply the ailment disappears of itself.  
But some qualities of the milk will  
produce colic, so that it is as well to  
have a cure ready. It nearly always  
comes at night, but cannot be timed  
invariably, for if the mother or nurse  
count on a couple of hours of rest  
through the day, it is just as likely to  
arrive then. "Total depravity" can be  
applied to colic as well as other things.

The symptoms are sudden, piercing  
cries and contraction of the legs. Some  
attacks are very severe, while others  
are mild. Catnip tea and pargoric,  
the remedies of our grandmothers, are  
of the little use, for they only soothe  
without expelling the wind which  
causes the disturbance. Drops and  
cordials are useless for the same reason.  
Peppermint was about the only  
thing then used which removed the  
cause, and that was made to stupefy  
by adding laudanum.

The remedy now in vogue with uni-  
formly good results is soda mint. The  
tablets are sold extensively for indi-  
gestion, but a liquid form is best for  
babies. Get a ten cent solution,  
and for a child up to a month old take  
one-half teaspoonful of mint to three  
of warm water, slightly sweetened.  
Increase the dose with age.

The effect of this simple remedy in  
most cases is almost magical. The  
wind is thrown off in an incredibly  
short time and the after effect is to  
soothe the nerves, so that sleep comes  
swiftly in its train. There is nothing  
deleterious in its composition, for the  
sole ingredients are carbonate  
soda, ammonia and pip. menthol.  
Enough water must be given to kill  
the taste of the soda, which is very dis-  
agreeable.

Hot applications to the stomach are  
of first importance in this complaint.  
Flannel bands heated at the fire or  
wrung out of hot water, hot salt  
wrapped in flannel or a hot-water  
bottle next the skin all help a speedy  
cure. But no medicine is lasting.  
With attention to the diet the number  
and duration of attacks may become  
shorter, but it will very likely be  
three months before they subside.—  
Kenneth Wood, in St. Louis Republic.

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### NEAT SHAVING PAD.

A Pleasant Present for a Man Who Is His Own Barber.

A shaving pad is always an accept-  
able present to a man who is his own  
tonorial artist. A pretty and inex-  
pensive one is made by taking two  
pieces of chambray nine inches long and  
four and a half inches in width. Pink  
both long sides and one short side on

both, back and front pieces. Place  
leaves of white tissue paper inside, a  
trifle smaller than the covering. Punch  
holes clear through paper and chambray,  
and lace with ribbon. Tie first in a  
hard knot, then in long loops so as to  
hang. On one side of the cover place  
an appropriate design. The one here  
shown is of tan-colored chambray, em-  
broidered in blue forget-me-nots, with  
shaving mug and brush done in outline  
with the same color. "Keep your mug  
clean" to be done the same way. Blue  
ribbons are used for lacing. Designs  
may be painted instead of embroidered.  
—Womankind.

Some Things to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is  
better than medicine. Learn how to tell  
a story. A well-told story is as welcome  
as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to  
keep your own troubles to yourself.  
The world is too busy to care for your  
ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croak-  
ing. If you cannot see any good in the  
world keep the lid to yourself. Learn  
to hide your pains and aches under a  
pleasant smile. No one cares to hear  
whether you have the carache, head-  
ache or rheumatism. Don't cry. Tears  
do well enough in novels, but they are  
out of place in real life. Learn to meet  
your friends with a smile. The good-  
natured man or woman is always wel-  
come, but the dyspeptic or hypochon-  
driac is not wanted anywhere, and is  
a nuisance as well.—Detroit Tribune.

Rolling in a frying pan.

When one has no means of broiling  
over coals or under heat the next best  
thing is broiling in a pan. For ex-  
ample, have a steak cut about an inch  
thick; after making the frying pan very  
hot sprinkle in some fine salt and lay  
the steak in the pan. Cook for two  
minutes, then lift the steak up and  
sprinkle the pan with salt; turn the  
steak and cook for two minutes; cook  
the piece of meat ten minutes in all,  
turning it every two minutes; then put  
the meat on a hot dish and season with  
salt and pepper.



KEEP YOUR MUG CLEAN

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the meat on a hot dish and season with  
salt and pepper.

## HOW TO SHOOT WELL.

Hints for Women Who Would Handle Rifle or Revolver.

There are some secrets or rather  
points in regard to shooting a revolver  
that are worth while considering.

Possibly, however, the tiger in the  
jungle and the bear in the mountain  
as targets do not allure you; but you  
may have the misguided midnight  
burglar to contemplate. It may be well  
just here to remark, in parenthesis,  
that the efficacy of pistols in the jung-  
le is open to doubt, but the burglar is  
always with us, and we ought to know  
the very best and most infallible way  
of shooting him.

The following hints are given on the  
authority of a gentleman who is an ex-  
pert shot:

How to stand and how to hold the  
weapon is of greatest importance. The  
body must be balanced equally on each  
foot (even if your burglar escapes  
meanwhile) slightly facing the target,  
and the arm held perfectly straight  
out. The arm should never be bent.  
The hand grasps the revolver high on  
the butt, with the thumb well around  
to the inside and straight, and the  
trigger finger entirely free. This  
throws the work of holding the revol-  
ver wholly on the outer fingers. The  
object of this position of the hand is to

get the barrel in exact line with the  
arm when extended, thus bringing the  
target, the sights and eye in one line.  
This position also minimizes the effect  
of trembling and rotating the arm.  
The weapon being properly aimed it  
should be held there, and the trigger  
very gently and steadily pressed. The  
mind should forget the possibility of  
an explosion, and the whole attention  
devoted to holding the sights of the  
revolver in exactly the proper position  
on the target.

Above all things should the shooter  
keep up steady pressure with the trig-  
ger finger, and on no account yield to  
the temptation to add just a little more  
force suddenly. The technical terms  
expressing these qualifications are  
"good holder," and "good trigger pull."

The revolver is peculiarly an Ameri-  
can weapon. The Americans have  
made scores never approached by any  
other nation. Not only are they first  
but they occupy every position be-  
tween that and the twentieth. The  
weapons in use are the quick firing or  
self-cocking and single action. What the  
self-cocker gains in rapidity of action  
is more than lost by lack of accuracy.  
Still there are records where one has  
been able to put five shots in a space of  
one foot square at a distance of thirty-  
six feet in four-fifths of one second.  
Such work is exceptional.

There is a certain class of individuals  
who cannot put three bricks in line on  
a table. Such of course can never learn  
to shoot. Further, the sight of a pistol  
may send the cold shivers down your  
back. In this case also, you will have  
something to overcome before you can  
become an expert shot.

"I always expect them to go off  
whether they are loaded or not," I  
overheard a young girl say recently,  
speaking of pistols. "I am quite sure  
they can go off without regard to  
cartridges."

### CUSHION FOR PINS.

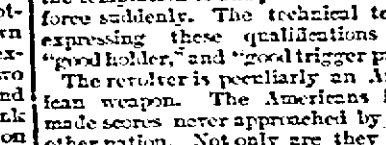
Suitable for the Toilet Table of Any Woman or Girl.

Though this looks like a big, bright  
blossom, it is only a rusette made of a  
strip of soft bias satin folded over a  
roll of soft cotton. The satin strip is a  
yard long and three inches wide; it is

folded double (over the cotton), gather-  
ed and sewed round and round, to a  
padding and covered circle of crinoline  
or thin canvas. The center is filled  
with knots and stitches in coarse yel-  
low silk floss, to resemble the center of  
a flower, and a narrow ribbon loop is  
sewed to the back to hang it up by. It  
is pretty in any shade of pink, yellow,  
wine, terra cotta or old rose, and re-  
sembles a rose, a little double holly-  
hock or a zinnia blossom, according to  
color. It is a pretty ornament when  
stock full of little fancy pins. Any  
woman or girl would like one for her  
toilet table.—American Agriculturist.

The Glimmering Needle Roll.

The huge roll was brought from  
Italy to France by Catherine de Medici.  
It became so white that spoons, with  
handles a foot long, were provided for  
ladies at dinner, so they could get their  
victuals to their mouths.

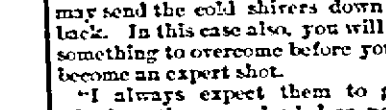


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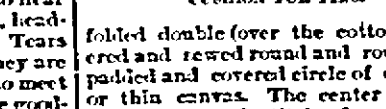


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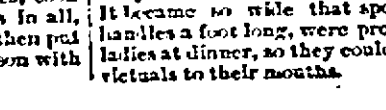


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CUSHION FOR PINS

## THE PISO COMPANY.

The above is the style of the firm which  
manufactures Piso's Cure for Consumption  
and Piso's Remedy for Catarrh, at Warren,  
Pa. The company was recently incorpo-  
rated, succeeding the P. T. Hixson, under  
whose name the business has been con-  
ducted for many years. In fact the busi-  
ness was established in 1864, when \$15 was  
paid for the first barrel of sugar bouffant,  
that was 25 cents a pound (other things were  
proportionately high, 25 much of the Piso  
Cure is now sold for 25 cents as was then for  
\$1.00).

While the firm has been a very prospe-  
ritous advertiser in newspapers, its aggregate  
output annually has been comparatively small,  
so that the steady and rapid increase in  
sales to their present large proportions cer-  
tainly indicates that Piso's Cure for Con-  
sumption possesses high merit as a remedy  
for coughs, colds and throat and lung  
troubles generally. The pleasant taste of  
the cure has doubtless contributed materi-  
ally to its popularity.

Growth in business has necessitated the  
invention of numerous labor-saving ma-  
chines. Notable among these are apparatus  
for washing, filling, corking and sealing  
bottles with which three men can turn out  
2000 bottles a day. In the advertising  
line department improved machines in the  
bindery finish 100,000 Pocket Book Alma-  
nachs in a day with only twenty operators.  
Another labor saver is the box machine on  
which one man puts together a thousand  
cartons daily which are filled with a dozen  
Piso's Cure for Consumption by another  
man in the same space of time.

The Piso Company gives steady employ-  
ment to a small army of workers, of both  
sexes, and its uniform liberal treatment of  
employees is a topic of much favorable com-  
ment among the citizens of Warren. At-  
tention to the prosperity of the company ap-  
pears to be peculiarly deserved.

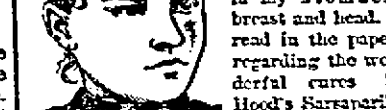
WANTED for Chemical Purposes—A lady  
dissolved in tears.

## Hood's

### Made Me Strong

#### Headaches and Pains Cured.

"I can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla  
as the best medicine I have taken. I was  
terribly run down  
in health and hard-  
ly ever enjoyed a  
weekday. I suffered  
with terrible pains  
in my stomach,  
breast and head. I  
read in the papers  
regarding the won-  
derful cures by  
Hood's Sarsaparilla  
and I thought I  
would give it a trial.





**Forming a Colony.**  
The farmers of Oconto county have prepared a petition which will be presented to the legislature by Senator Frost, of that district. It is intended to ask the legislature to donate enough land on which to establish a community. The land is desired for the purpose, as stated in the petition, of farming, lumbering, manufacturing, trading, and carrying on mechanical, industrial and educational work. It is to be held absolutely free and clear of all mortgage or lien incumbrances.

**Forest Fire Victims Starving.**  
Reports from the town of Rusk confirm the news of terrible suffering and starvation in that town. One-fifth of the population of the town are without proper food and a large number of them have not a pound of flour in the house. All the local aid is exhausted as well as the town funds, and Gov. Upham has been appealed to. Most of these people are new settlers with large families. Fires and drought destroyed their entire crops of vegetables and grain.

**Married His Daughter.**  
Henry Webster, aged 60 years, an Indian of the Oneida reservation, was arrested by United States Deputy Marshal Buckley, on a charge of marrying his 16-year-old daughter Christine. The penalty for such a crime, according to the federal law, is death. Webster does not deny having married the girl, but sets up in defense that the laws of the Oneida nation allows it. Consequently he, being an Indian of the tribe and under its laws, acted right.

**Hazing in Eau Claire's Schools.**  
A number of students promoted from lower grades having entered the junior department of the high school in Eau Claire, the upper classmen concocted a plan whereby eight of the new male scholars were inveigled into the basement of the building by about twice their number and then thrown into a cold-air shaft and kept there until discovered by the principal. Several expulsions were threatened.

**Wisconsin Regents.**  
The following university regents have been appointed by Gov. Upham: State at large, H. W. Chomeweth, Madison; First district, O. H. Fether, Janesville; Third district, W. A. Jones, Mineral Point; Sixth district, Frank Chalmers, Oshkosh; Eighth district, O. E. Clark, Appleton.

**Consumed by Fire.**  
The barn and outbuildings on Charles Wilkes' farm in the town of Center were consumed by fire. Five horses and seven head of cattle were lost. A year's grain and tobacco crops were also consumed. Loss, \$1,000 no insurance.

**The News Condensed.**  
Hans Hauser was found in an unconscious condition at the Douglas hotel in Superior. A surgical examination developed that he was suffering from a murderous assault.  
William M. Davis, of Richland Center, obtained a judgment of \$1,000 against the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway for injuries received in a wreck in Iowa.

P. D. Armour and other Chicagoans have made all preparations to begin the running of coaches between Milwaukee and Oconomowoc, commencing some time in June.

Fred Nolan, employed in a mill at Mills Center, was instantly killed by falling against a circular saw, his head being severed from the body. He leaves a widow and child.

Gen. L. W. Halsey, of Milwaukee, commander of the Wisconsin brigade, uniformed rank, Knights of Pythias, tendered his resignation owing to pressure of private business.

Anna Koelpin brought suit in the superior court against Otto H. Sasse for \$10,000 damages for breach of promise to marry her. The defendant is a Wauwatosa florist and is alleged to be worth \$12,000.

Frederick H. Madgeburg has been appointed receiver of the Hekla Fire Insurance company at Madison by Judge Johnson.

Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who has served as pastor of the First Congregational church in Beloit for ten years, tendered his resignation. It caused much surprise.

Application of female students at Lawrence university at Appleton, to participate in military drill, was denied on the ground that the drill is too severe exercise.

Patrick Scott, a journeyman bridge builder of Chicago, was sentenced in Milwaukee to three years in the house of correction because he was convicted of the charge of having burglar tools in his possession.

Charles Rode, a Milwaukee letter carrier, was arrested for robbing the mails. He has been stealing for two years.

The barn and outbuildings on Charles Wilkes' farm in the town of Center were consumed by fire, and five horses and seven head of cattle were lost. A year's grain and tobacco crops were also burned.

G. Phillip Hunkel, a well-known insurance agent, fell from the sidewalk near his home in Milwaukee, fracturing his skull and dying within a few hours.

Almira E. Bragg, mother of Mrs. W. D. Hoard, died at the residence of her son-in-law, ex-Gov. Hoard, in Fort Atkinson, aged 80 years.

Mrs. Simmons' house and contents at Black River Falls was burned, the occupants barely escaping with their lives, and without clothes.

Fire destroyed the barrel factory of the Glenwood Manufacturing company, employing about 100 hands. The loss was estimated at \$10,000.

J. W. McCarty was killed at Porter by the bursting of a bomb.

A company has been formed at Ashland to build a road from that place to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Milwaukee's charity ball was denounced by Rev. Dr. Eaton in a paper read before the Ministers' association.

## WISCONSIN LEGISLATURE.

**Senate.**  
MADISON, Wis., Jan. 28.—In the assembly Monday night bills of importance were offered as follows: Requiring railroad companies to offer mileage books for sale at the rate of 2 cents a mile in 100-mile books; providing for the extension of liens to after-acquired property; granting anti-toxic out of use by medical profession in state collection of the laws in reference to toxic insurance companies; extending the rights of franchise to women and to Indians who have been declared citizens.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 31.—In the senate Tuesday a joint resolution requesting the secretary of state and state treasurer to submit to the legislature a detailed statement of all bonds made from the trust fund of the state to school districts from April 1, 1892, to January 7, 1893, was introduced by Senator Baister. A bill for the appointment of a deep channels commissioner for Wisconsin was introduced by Senator Mills. The governor submitted the following nominations as members of the board of regents of normal schools: E. D. Coe, of Whitewater; Frank Osterman, of Superior; W. A. Brown, of Marinette; Charles F. Fitch, of Milwaukee; James O. Raymond, of Oshkosh; and A. E. Thompson, of Oshkosh.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 31.—In the senate Wednesday a bill was introduced making the office of labor commissioner elective, and authorizing the governor to appoint a new commissioner, who shall hold office from March 1, 1894, to January 1, 1897, to appropriate annually for 100 years the money derived by the additional tax of one-fifth of a mill to the state university; providing for arbitration to end later disputes and also to provide a way to settle disputes between neighbors or business men. It provides for the election of three arbitrators at the spring election to whom all civil and private lawsuits shall be referred. The circuit court is to have jurisdiction of no such cases until they have been referred to the arbitrators.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 1.—In the senate Thursday bills were introduced making vaccination of children compulsory; to provide a contingent fund of \$50,000 to be used in restoring invasions of cholera or other contagious diseases.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 2.—The secretary of state and the state treasurer on Friday presented to the legislature a detailed report of the condition of state finances. The report showed that the retiring administration left warrants to the amount of \$100,000 unpaid when they retired, and that in addition there were January 1 and left unpaid. Memorials from ex-State Treasurers Baister and Kaehn asking release from judgments found against them to compel the return of interest money to the state were presented in both houses.

In the senate bills were introduced to give women the right to vote, to give taxes and public aid to persons connected with them, requiring railroads to sell 100-mile tickets at 20 to be used by either purchaser or wife or any member of family, when accompanied by either, and good for two years, the company to give rebate then for the unused part, but in such case to charge two and one-half cents per mile for the unused portion.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 29.—Six new bills were introduced in the senate Friday night, the most important of which allows any district in the state to permanently improve its roads where it chooses. The bill provides that the district, the county and the state shall each bear one-third of the expense of such improvement. A bill providing for a state park located in Oneida county was introduced by Senator Putnam. The bill reads the jurisdiction to the federal government of Devil's Island, in Ashland county, was passed under suspension of the rules.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 29.—In the assembly Tuesday bills were introduced repealing the statutes conflicting with the laws to give a state of emergency; prohibiting the killing of deer, quail and Mongolian or Chinese pheasants for a period of five years; providing that keeping open barber shops on Sunday shall not be considered a work of necessity or charity; to create a railway commission with three members, one a secretary and to largely increase the powers of the commission in the matter of railway regulation; to remove the \$5,000 limit on the amount of damages recovered in case of death by negligence; providing that all departments of city government shall prepare a regular budget of estimated expenses, which shall be a part of the city levy and for the payment of salaries to mayors, and that in those larger cities that come within the first class there shall be twelve aldermen chosen from the city at large that shall sit with the councilmen, as in European cities.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 31.—The committee on legislative expenditures reported favorably to the assembly (Wednesday) on the resolution to cut off new business as February 1. The rules were suspended and the resolution adopted. Bills were introduced providing for the appointment by the governor of any reputable pharmacist in the state as a member of the state board of pharmacy, authorizing cities to own property outside of the city limits on which to maintain hospitals for contagious diseases.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 1.—In the assembly Thursday bills were introduced for the appointment of a road commissioner by the governor for each congressional district; to appropriate \$10,000 for fire sufferers in northern Wisconsin for seed, grain and potatoes; to grant to districts as they please and make purchases; to authorize the construction of a hospital building at the state public school at Sparta; to license cigarette dealers at \$100, to make all property, whether belonging to inhabitants of the state or not, that passes by will or intestate succession to either party of the state subject to taxation or to charity; to exempt from taxation subject to 3 per cent. tax for state purposes; making an annuity upon a girl of 15 years of age payable by imprisonment from five to thirty-five years.

MADISON, Wis., Feb. 2.—In the assembly Friday bills were introduced providing that habitual drunkards and poor may be committed by the judges to some "rest" at county expense on application of friends, physician or others, the expense not to exceed \$12 for four weeks' treatment; providing for the closing of saloons within half a mile of any home for soldiers; providing for the appointment of a deep-waterways commission for the purpose of promoting deep-water communication with the Atlantic.

## UNIQUE HORSE TRADING.

Methods of a Double Quartette of Armed Men and What They May Portend.

CARTHAGE, Mo., Feb. 2.—For several days past a company of eight men, very heavily armed, have been lurking in Jasper county and ostensibly trading horses, making a specialty of forcing lonely passengers on the road to part with any horse they chose, and generally taking fine stock in exchange for plugs. Remonstrance is useless, owing to the numbers and formidable appearance of the men. It is believed by many that the party is arranging to rob a train or, make a raid somewhere in the neighborhood.

## BIRD AND BEAST.

THE eye of the vulture is so constructed that it is a high power telescope, enabling the bird to see objects at an almost incredible distance.

THE chameleon's eyes are situated in bony sockets projecting from the head. If this contrivance the animal can see in any direction without the slightest motion save of the eye.

THE elephant is commonly supposed to be a slow, clumsy animal, but, when excited or frightened, can attain a speed of twenty miles an hour, and can keep it up for half a day.

## CAME TO BLOWS.

Breckinridge and Heard Create a Sensation in the House.  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 4.—In the course of a discussion in the house Friday afternoon an altercation took place between Congressman Breckinridge (dem., Ky.) and Heard (dem., Mo.) which was attended with much excitement. Mr. Heard had moved the previous question on the resolution before the house, while Mr. Breckinridge was on the floor trying to get recognition to speak. Mr. Heard is the chairman of the committee of the District of Columbia affairs, to which the day had been awarded, and was anxious to proceed with the business. Mr. Heard declared he wanted to know whether the house was to be allowed to do business or if some member anxious to make a buncombe speech was to occupy the time.

Mr. Breckinridge crossed over to where Mr. Heard was sitting and told him in a threatening manner that he could do no district business during the day under that rule and denounced his action as impertinent and, according to Mr. Heard's understanding and that of gentlemen around him, called him a scoundrel. Mr. Heard, rising to his feet, being separated from Mr. Breckinridge by Mr. Cobb, of Alabama, a member of the district committee, angrily retorted that Breckinridge was a liar.

The racy face of the noted Kentuckian flushed even a deeper red at this, and springing upon the seat platform from the aisle, he vigorously attempted to strike Mr. Heard.

Friends of both gentlemen undertook to adjust the difficulty. The result of their labors appeared later in the day when Mr. Heard rose and stated that his friends were of the opinion that he had not withdrawn the language offensive to Mr. Breckinridge, after that gentleman had disclaimed the language which gave him (Heard) offense. He would then do so in the first instance. Thereupon Mr. Breckinridge expressed his satisfaction, renewed his apologies to the house for creating the scene and begged the pardon of all concerned. The whole matter was on motion of Mr. Goodnight (dem., Ky.) ordered to be omitted from the record.

The speaker shouted for order and directed the sergeant-at-arms to arrest the gentlemen. Their appearance in the area in front of the clerk's desk was the signal for partial quiet. The speaker then directed the two men to take their seats. This they did and Mr. Breckinridge rose to apologize to the house and to the speaker, and at the same time withdrew the remark that gave offense.

## DIED AT HER POST.

Minnie Hauser Falls a Victim to Her Own Heroism.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 2.—The Deaconess home on Jennings avenue was destroyed by fire Friday morning and four persons were burned to death. The dead are Albert Allmeyer, Minnie Hauser, an 8-month-old baby and Jacob Krause.

The fire started in the basement, presumably from the furnace, and before it could be extinguished four of the fifteen persons in the house and hospital were dead, and the building almost entirely destroyed. Brave work on the part of the firemen and police alone prevented a further loss. The fire started about 11 o'clock.

Before the fire department had arrived and before the flames had reached the outside of the building, Minnie Hauser, one of the nurses, appeared at the window and implored those below to assist her in getting out her patient, who was William Allmeyer, one of the men burned. All saw that it would be folly to attempt to enter the building, which was now burning fiercely.

"Jump to the porch and save yourself," they cried to her, as she was but 15 or 16 feet above the broad veranda roof.

"I cannot leave my patient," was the reply of the brave woman, as she turned to look back into the room, evidently to quiet the fears of Allmeyer, who thought she was going to leave him.

For a moment the brave woman stood looking down into the crowd below her, and then duty triumphed over her desire to be saved. The smoke was pouring from the windows about her and her white, startled face appeared as a picture in a frame of darkest ebony. Then she turned into the room and she was seen no more until her blackened form was carried tenderly from the building shortly after. She was found turned in a frightful manner at the foot of her patient's bed.

## FREE COINAGE MEN AHEAD.

They Will Have About Ten Majority in the National Senate.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Many eastern republican senators are getting telegrams and letters from their constituents urging them to stand by the president and lay aside party feeling and aid in passing a sound currency bill. This has impelled a canvass of the senate, which shows forty-seven for free coinage of silver and thirty-nine against. The admission of Senators Wilson, of Washington, and Clarke, of Montana, will increase the free silver vote to forty-nine.

## Reported to Be Aboard.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—A report gained circulation Sunday evening along the shore of Lake Michigan from South Chicago, Ill., to Whiting, Ind., to the effect that the hull of the steamer Chicora was floating outside the ice-fields between those ports, and that the forms of human beings could be discerned moving thereon. Several attempts to reach the supposed wreck ended in failure, and darkness coming on the efforts were given over. Little credence has been given by lake men to the supposition that any of those on board the ill-fated boat have survived.

## Speaking from her Experience,

After years of practical use and a trial of many brands of baking powder (some of which she recommended before becoming acquainted with the great qualities of the Royal), Marion Harland finds the Royal Baking Powder to be greatly superior to all similar preparations, and states that she uses it exclusively, and deems it an act of justice and a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American Housewives.

The testimony of this gifted authority upon Household Economy coincides with that of millions of housekeepers, many of whom speak from knowledge obtained from a continuous use of Royal Baking Powder for a third of a century.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

## Two Kinds of It.

The landlady had left the star-boarder to carve the fowl while she went out into the kitchen to see about some of the other portions of the feast. Presently she stuck her head in the door.

"Isn't that carving done yet?" she asked in a tone implying that it was not, and was not because the boarder didn't know any more about carving than a Philadelphia knows about rapid transit.

"It is, madam," he responded with the sweetest grace imaginable, "but the chicken is not," and he passed it over to her with the raw edges showing through in half a dozen places.—Detroit Free Press.

## Just for a Change.

"The doctor has ordered me to try a change for a while," said Mrs. Gabb.

"Then if I were you I would go to a photographer's and have my picture taken," said Mr. Gabb.

"Why should I do that?" asked the lady, as she brought her teeth together with a click.

"Because the photographer will tell you to look pleasant, and if you obey him it will be the greatest change that you could possibly experience."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

## WHO WINS THE \$300?

A novel way to obtain a suitable name for their great, yes, wonderful new oats, has been adopted by the John A. Salzer Seed Co. They offer \$300 for a name for their new oats; their catalogue tells all about it. Farmers are enthusiastic over the oats, claiming 200 bushels can be grown per acre right along. You will want it.

Farmers report six tons of hay from Salzer's Meadow Mixtures; 112 bushels corn per acre in a dry season, and 1,161 bushels potatoes from two acres.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT WITH THE POSTAGE TO THE JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis., you get free their mammoth catalogue and a package of above \$300 PRIZE OATS. [6]

Mr. Goodnight.—"Yes, I do feel in good spirits this evening. My boy has passed his examination!" The Earl.—"I don't see anything in that. So has mine," Mr. Goodnight.—"Er—Indian civil?" The Earl.—"No; bankruptcy!"—Punch.

## \$6.00 to California.

Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Minneapolis on the famous Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursion? Through cars on fast trains leave Minneapolis Tuesdays via Kansas City, Ft. Worth and El Paso, a superb southern route. Write for particulars to A. FAIRBANKS & CO., 1123 Guaranty Loan Bldg., Minneapolis. JOHN SEASHAM, G. P. A., Chicago.

"Only," said the sentimental boarder, who is unmarried, of course, "woman is the sweetest fruit of civilization." "Yes," assented the cheerful pilot, "she does make a great jam at the bargain counter."—Cincinnati Tribune.

To New Orleans the Queen & Crescent Route is the direct line; 90 miles shortest from Cincinnati. Solid vestibuled trains.

Sir.—How fearful it must be for a great scholar to know she has lost her voice. "It is much more torturing when she doesn't know it."—Tit-Bits.

## ON THE ROAD



to recovery, the young woman who is taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In manhood, womanhood, widowhood and motherhood the "Prescription" is a supporting tonic and nerve tonic that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening and curing the derangements of the sex. Why is it so many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? Because beauty of form and face radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air and exercise coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription."

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbance, nervous prostration, and sleeplessness, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes, falling of the womb, ulceration, irregularities and kindred maladies.

## "FALLING OF WOMB."

Mrs. FRANK CAMFIELD, of East Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "I deem it my duty to express my deep gratitude to you for having been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to health. For I have been so spellbound to walk. My troubles were of the womb—menstrual irregularities and bearing-down sensations and the doctors all said they could not cure me. Twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's wonderful Favorite Prescription has cured me."

Mrs. CAMFIELD.

Chubb—"Why don't you have your dinner table made?" Hostess—"Mendell!" Child—"Yes, ma. It's very weak and rickety, isn't it?" Hostess—"Why, no, dear. It's solid mahogany." Child—"That's queer. Mama said I must remember not to lean my elbows on it while eating." Our table is real strong."

Actress, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hoke's Honey of Hyaloid and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A MAN'S curiosity never reaches the feminine staple until some one tells him his name was in yesterday's paper.

The Queen & Crescent Route is the best equipped and shortest line to Florida. Solid vestibuled trains and through sleepers.

A FACT—It doesn't make a room any cooler to put a frieze around the walls.



## KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

## If you have Rheumatism

Or any other pain, you don't take chances with St. Jacobs Oil, for twenty years ago it began to kill pain, and it's been killing ever since.

## "SHE KNOWS WHAT'S WHAT"



## SANTA CLAUS SOAP

BECAUSE IT'S THE BEST, PUREST & MOST ECONOMICAL

MADE BY THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, CHICAGO.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

"We think Piso's CURE for CONSUMPTION is the only medicine for coughs."—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., October 1, 1891.

....CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. BEST COUGH SYRUP.... TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CENTS.

# CLARK & LENNON - Builders' and Lumbermen's Hardware

Spring  
of  
1895.

NEW  
WASH  
GOODS

We are now prepared to show you New Wash Fabrics manufactured for the spring of 1895.

HERE  
ARE  
SOME  
of the New Things in  
all their glory:

Corded French Ginghams,  
Swivel Silks,  
Kohinoor Pongees,  
Japonette,  
Florentine Pongees,  
Organdies,  
Silk Stripe Challies,  
Parkhill Zephyr Ginghams,  
Toille du Nord Ginghams,  
Tela Vela Ducks,  
Canvas Back Duck,  
Jaconas,  
Serpentine Crepe,  
Drap de Savoy.

We Cordially  
Invite you to call  
and see the most  
beautiful Wash  
Goods ever displayed in this  
city.

C. E. Brusoe & Co.  
Prices Always the Lowest.

## THE NEW NORTH.

BISHOP & OGDEN, Publishers.

### LOCAL TIME TABLES.

#### Chicago & Northwestern R'y.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 2-Daily 7:30 a.m. Daily  
No. 3-Ashtabula Mail and Express 1:00 p.m. Daily

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 4-Daily 11:01 p.m. Daily  
No. 5-Ashtabula Mail and Express 1:00 p.m. Daily

H. C. BREGER, AGENT.

#### Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie R'y.

EAST BOUND.

Atlantic Limited 1:05 a.m. Daily  
Accommodation 10:10 p.m. Daily

WEST BOUND.

Pacific Limited 11:15 a.m. Daily  
Accommodation 10:10 p.m. Daily

Way Freight 11:15 a.m. Daily

Close connections for Tomahawk, Eau Claire, and points west and east at Sault Ste. Marie, Michoudine and all points north of Fond du Lac.

In Effect Jan. 2, 1895.

C. M. CHAMBERLAIN, AGENT.

The bill introduced to make supplies a lien on logs, has been killed in the Assembly.

In another column of this issue is a copy of the municipal court bill prepared here, endorsed by the county board and now before the legislature for passage.

A bill has been introduced into the Assembly for the purpose of selling 2300 mile books at \$10.00 each, good for any member of the firm or their families, and good on all roads in the state.

The selection by Gov. Upham of Hon. James O. Raymond, of Stevens Point, for a position on the board of Normal school regents, was a good one. Mr. Raymond is an excellent man for such a position.

The Itasca Lake country seems to be a bad one for prospectors this sort of weather. The thermometer is working away between forty and fifty below zero, and a number of prospectors have died from the cold.

There is one thing that can be said in defense of the rapidly with which the Democrats have increased the public debt. The ratio is no greater than debts have increased with some of us who aren't the government.

Oneida county has reason to be proud of its representative in the legislature. Mr. Yawkey has taken a leading place among his colleagues and is universally looked upon as one of the brainiest men in the house. And he is.

It is safe to predict that no radical anti-railroad legislation will be enacted in Wisconsin this year. There are pretty trying times with railroad corporations, and to hamper them at such a time with legislation would certainly be bad policy for the state and might seriously cripple the roads without giving any relief to the people.

A petition asking Judge Winslow to stand for re-election has been signed by nearly all the local bar. But there are a good many people who don't exactly like to have the lawyers name judges and it looks very much as though Judge Clementson will receive a large vote. As between the two men there seems to be but little difference as to qualification.

The proposition made to the legislature to release Ex-Treasurers Inetz and Keuhn from their obligations is one thing that should be promptly and vigorously squelched. The republican party cannot afford to go on record as favoring any compromise whatever, when the party is already on record as opposed to it. However unjust, the ex-treasurers must pay all that the courts say they owe, and it seems incredible that any republican votes in the legislature would be cast on other lines.

The Rev. Mr. Eaton's arraignment of Milwaukee swaggers, has given him more newspaper notoriety than any Wisconsin divine has had for years. Mr. Eaton is a bright brainy man, and his fear is small. He is a master of language and in any cause he advocates could make a good showing, but it looks very much as though he had been misinformed about the facts of his present topic. He is sincere in his belief that his information about the charity hall was correct, but his enthusiasm and unreliable information have gotten him into a position which will make him work some to hold up his end.

The Antigo Republican last week brought out the name of Ex-Gov. W. D. Hoard for Department commander of the G. A. R. It states that he will be the choice of the Northern Wisconsin delegates and we know that so far as the Rhinelander post is concerned that he is the choice. And moreover, we want to say that the state G. A. R. will do its self credit by electing him. Capt. L. J. Billings, of this city, who was prominently mentioned for the place, declines to be a candidate and is heartily in favor of the Ex-Governor.

### INTEREST ON TAX CERTIFICATES.

TO THE EDITOR:

Anyone who is at all familiar with our early history, and its legislation—especially when Wisconsin was a territory, and there were within its limits less than a dozen counties, recognizes that history is being repeated in the demagogical attitude of those who were instrumental in reducing the 25 per cent. imposed upon the delinquent tax payer, not as interest—any more than the 50 per cent. added on failure to make returns under the recent income law is interest—but as a penalty to compel the citizen and property owner to perform his duty as a good citizen by paying his proportion of tax for the public revenues. It is stated that Oneida county has now on hand \$12,000 in tax certificates; four years ago all tax certificates were sold at the treasurer's sale of delinquent taxes, and in this way the county received the full amount of the tax levy. The \$12,000, in tax certificates, represents Oneida county's legacy inherited from our recent reformist administration, which in many respects reformed by putting the people in a hole, so to speak. The champions of bogus reform reduced the penalty of 25 per cent. to 15, upon the shyster plan, that capital bought the certificates and thus robbed the poor man, when in fact they well knew the blighted land holder and non-resident tax payer and land owner were the only ones benefited or intended to be relieved by the reduction.

Show me a hardworking industrious citizen who is working early and late to secure a home for himself and family, and I will show you a citizen who always and promptly pays his taxes and who is a good citizen generally.

How many stop to think what the \$12,000 of tax certificates represent, and how much they have to do with our present high taxes?

A tax is annually levied to defray the expenses of maintaining our municipal government, and those of the state government. The expense is incurred from day to day throughout the year, the tax to meet the expense is levied as a rule once a year and if the tax is not paid the municipality comes just so much short of the required funds to meet its expenses, but the municipality is liable to its creditors and this deficit must be made up in some way, by a short loan at the bank, paying interest or by issuing bonds, all resulting in increased taxation sooner or later. For the only source of revenue for the municipality is taxation, and taxes increase in the same proportion each year that taxes are not paid the previous year, to say nothing of the cost of interest on loans to supply the deficiency and litigation, often commenced for delay, or for a compromise.

To stop this burden which involves increased taxation upon those who pay their tax should be our first duty. The 25 per cent. then being purely and solely imposed as a penalty to compel the performance of a duty the land and property owners owe to the community, all should use their influence with the present legislature to reimpose the 25 per cent. penalty, and if that is not enough to compel performance, urge the next legislature to make it 50 per cent. Then if we have any who do not care to pay the tax longer on their cut lands, let them cease longer to dump their lands upon the county, which was not organized to go into the land business, and cannot pay its debts with tax title lands, but as good citizens come forward and offer the land to any citizen who will take them for the delinquent taxes, improve them and hereafter pay the tax. By so doing the non-taxpayer will show he has an interest in the community and good citizenship, and he will cease trying to avoid his share of the public burdens, while at the same time he has equal benefits with all.

When all will pay or be compelled by heavy penalties to pay their just

proportion of the tax, county orders will not be at a discount, hawked about, a disgrace to the community; our indebtedness will be easily met and future taxes will be lower. Agitation of this subject may result in our getting back to the old penalty of 25 per cent., which, after the tax fighters were squelched by the Supreme Court, proved all sufficient to compel payment of taxes by all.

FREE  
FOR ALL

Friday and  
Saturday,

—AT—

Spafford & Cole's

### HOT BISCUITS

Made of Pillsbury's Best Flour and Reid, Murdock & Co.'s "Pure Cream Tartar Baking Powder," buttered with Hoard's Creamery Butter. Hot Mocha and Java Coffee with Cream will be served by a handsome young lady from Chicago, who represents Reid, Murdock & Co.

All Ladies of Rhinelander are invited.

### IN CIRCUIT COURT, ONEIDA COUNTY.

D. J. COLE, Plaintiff, vs.

REID, MURDOCK & CO.,

Defendants.

For Sale of and payment to a judgment of

foreclosure and sale, rendered in the above

entitled action on the 12th day of November, 1894,

and as directed in and by said judgment,

offer for sale and sell at public auction to the

highest bidder, at the west door of the Court

House in the City of Rhinelander, County of

Oneida, State of Wisconsin, on the 25th day of

March 1895, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the

real estate and mortgaged premises directed in

and by said judgment to be sold and therein

described as follows: Lot number ten (10) in

Block number sixteen of H. Allen's Second

Addition to the Village (now City) of Rhinelander

in Oneida County, Wis. Jan. 22, 1895.

Dated Rhinelander, Wis. Jan. 22, 1895.

By D. F. Smith,

Sherriff of Oneida County, Wis.

vs. M. Sheriff of Oneida County, Wis.

Summons.

CIRCUIT COURT—ONEIDA COUNTY.

JAMES O. RAYMOND, Plaintiff,

vs.

J. W. CROCKETT, ALBERT E. CROCKETT his wife,

PARROT BAKING COMPANY, TRON L. CROCKETT,

J. DETMERS, Defendants.

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN TO THE SAID DEFENDANTS AND EACH OF THEM:

You are hereby summoned to appear within

twenty days after service of this summons, ex-

clusive of the day of service, and defend the

above entitled action in the Court aforesaid,

and in case of your failure so to do, judgment

will be rendered against you according to the

demand of the complaint, of which a copy is

herewith served upon you.

RAYMOND, LUTHER & PARK,

Attorneys.

P. O. Address, Stevens Point, Portage Co.,

Wis. 65-140, 25.

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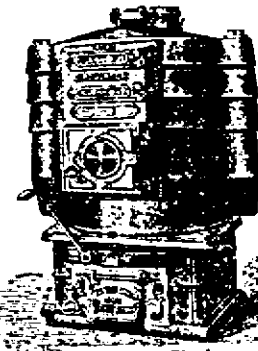
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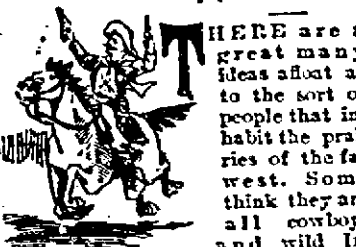
**RHINELANDER, WI**







# HOLDING UP A TOWN.



HERE are a great many ideas about as to the sort of people that in habit the prairies of the far west. Some think they are all cowboys and wild Indians, that they live in tents, and think nothing of killing a newcomer by shooting him dead. Others have an idea a trifle more advanced, that the inhabitants are a sort of officious, pushing, breezy, unassuming, enterprising lot of fortune seekers, good-natured, but rough, easy-going, but always on the rush. Others, still, fancy the west is filled with the queer people described by the story-tellers and novelists, curious types, half-witted and half-witted picturesqueness old coppers, groaning, hard-working, homely women, few and far between, such people as Octave Thane and Hamlin Garland have given us.

All these suppositions are wrong. The ruling population on the plains of Nebraska is the most intelligent, cultured and enterprising emigration from New England, New York and Ohio—the cream, which naturally rises to the top and floats off. They have built churches, schools, universities, theaters and elegant hotels. There are hard-working but enterprising farmers, and some not so enterprising, just as is the case in the east. Now and then the towns are invaded by the cowboys and Indians. The cowboys are oftentimes fast young men from the east who have gone west to work off their spirits.

In the early seventies my father had a hardware store in the young city of Lincoln, and a frequent visitor at the store that stood in the little back room was Buffalo Bill, then neither very famous nor very rich, a cowboy of the plains, stopping to call on his kinsman whenever he came to the city and exchange yarns in true cowboy fashion. My mother was afraid of him, but my father found him a very good-natured fellow. The following tale may have been one of his stories—I do not know. He may have been an on-looker, but my impression is that he had not even seen the events and sights he described.

The place may have been Beatrice or Red Cloud or Kearney Junction—leaving the question of any or all of these now populous cities which happen now to have been the one. The time was quite twenty years ago, but it might have been yesterday. I fancy, Red Cloud—we will call it Red Cloud—was the center of a farming district, and was somewhat of a sleepy little town. There were various stores, three churches, three saloons and a post-office. There had been no boom there, for there was no railroad; but the inhabitants in their hourly expectation of both! The people were hard-working, intelligent and patient—New England farmers transplanted to the west. The saloons were for the cowboys, mostly, who ranged not far away and often came trooping in with plenty of noise and clatter to "liquor up." Every Saturday evening they made night hideouts for the little village, drinking, yelling, swearing, reeling about, but the villagers were patient, as I have said.

Perhaps the worst of the visitors was "Black Jack," a great big, dark-skinned fellow, of half-foreign parentage, but crossed with the shrewd New England stock. He could drink more whisky, tell more thrilling stories, and do more dare-devil tricks than all the rest of the gang put together. The Indians liked him, and followed him devotedly. He had a certain gentle way with them which completely controlled them, and made them ready at any moment to do as he said or as he did. Often he brought them to the village to drink with him, and they were great drinkers. When the liquor ran freely enough they would sing their wild, unearthly songs, and dance in their comic, grotesque way, flourishing their knives delightfully about their heads, as if they were about to scalp the whole population; but this was mere grim humor on their part. The Indians are grimly humorous on nearly all occasions, when they are not angry or practically serious.

I have called Red Cloud a village, but the Red Cloud of twenty years ago would scorn that title. Red Cloud was a city and it had a mayor. One day when it got a new mayor trouble came of the new mayor, for he determined to break up these Saturday night orgies and this grimly humorous Indian knife-dancing. He didn't see the humor of it. He was a New Englander, a Baptist of the close variety, and altogether a very moral man. He thought it a disgrace that peaceful, steady-going Red Cloud, with no railroad and no boom, should be thus disturbed weekly or oftener by a gang of vicious cowboys and doubtful Indians. He therefore issued an order for the arrest of the first Indian found dancing the knife-dance in the street, for the dancing took place in the broad street in front of the saloon. This arrest took place the very next Saturday night, when the half-drunk Indian was suddenly seized by three doughty constables and spirited away out of sight before anyone quite understood what had happened. There was no jail within a number of miles, for Red Cloud was not the county seat; it was quite uncertain where the unruly Indian had been concealed, but doubtless in some private house.

"Where's the hawk?" asked Black Jack, after a little, when he missed his Indian companion. But nobody answered at first.

They took a lantern and made a search in the street, but without finding a trace of the hawk. At last light

dawned on one of Black Jack's companions. "The mayor's yanked him," he cried suddenly, stopping still. "You heard about the order, didn't you?"

The Indians heard in blank, drunken stupor. But Black Jack's eyes grew darker, his face twitched angrily, and everybody trembled to see him.

"Yanked him?" he cried, after a moment's pause. "Yanked him? Well, boys, just step inside and liquor up on me, and then we'll do the town up if they don't turn the hawk out in short order."

The whole company of ten or a dozen, half Indians, trooped into the saloon and took whisky straight, in no small doses, all around. Then they grimly followed Black Jack as he went out on to the street. He stopped in the middle of the little square where the post office was; and called out, mostly in oaths, unnecessary to repeat:

"You mayor, you, you bring that Indian out here in less time than it takes me to say it, you, or I'll blow your head off."

He had a big voice, and nearly everybody in the village heard him say it. Heads were stuck out of the windows, forms appeared at the doors, and every eye was agog. Gradually the windows were closed in fear, the doors barred, and every head had disappeared. That made Black Jack all the madder. He fired his revolver about at random at every streak of light that came through an unlucky shutter; his Indians began to yell and flourish their knives in a worse drunken orgy than they had ever held before, and Black Jack breathed forth the direst threats he could conjure up.

The whole town was thoroughly frightened. Black Jack and his cowboys soon began to see the humor of the situation, and with many a laugh and much to drink held high carnival throughout the town until the wee small hours of the morning—Sunday morning—when they succumbed to sleep on the curbstones, on front doorsteps, in the vestibules of the churches which they had broken open—one here, one there, from one end of the town to the other.

Sunday morning was clear, warm, beautiful, and the whole population, including the cowboys, slept peacefully until quite late. Here and there a man ventured out; but the sight of one of the gang lying not too sound asleep right under his feet sent him back into the house again. About nine or ten o'clock the gang began to wake up and wander into the saloon for something to quench their burning thirst. The church bells had not been rung until the gang noticed the omission and did the ringing in a wild, bacchanalian fashion. Black Jack laughed at the power he suddenly discovered to be his, and lounged and smoked and called out now and then in derision to the mayor to turn over the hawk.

When he had had breakfast, and had recovered from his dissipation of the night before somewhat, that is, about two o'clock in the afternoon, he went out to walk. The Indians followed him quietly enough. There was no pistol practice, no flourishing of knives. What had happened the night before was quite enough.

Black Jack was in no hurry. He said he could wait as long as the mayor could, and he was much obliged for the freedom of the town. He and all his gang thought the whole affair most amusing. They drank and sang and told stories and rioted gloriously. In the afternoon, as I have said, they paraded the town, and again in the evening. If any head or foot was seen without a bullet went flying after it and it quickly disappeared. Nobody was hurt, I believe; but that was not the deliberate fault of Black Jack, by any means.

How long this might have lasted I do not know. Black Jack said he had come there to live, if need be, and he would keep the whole town shut up as long as the mayor kept the hawk shut up. Monday morning came and the thrifty farmers and shopkeepers were exceedingly anxious to begin business. Dozens started out, but, being greeted by a bullet or the flash of an Indian knife or a grimly humorous Indian smile, they retired precipitately. Monday was a fierce day. The inhabitants were getting very wrathful at their long restraint, and Black Jack was grimly obstinate and decided. By Monday night feeling ran high. Everybody was ready for fight, the town most of all. But there could be no meetings, no consultation, no gathering together; for Black Jack's bullets were ready for anyone who attempted to go to his neighbor. People had been escaping from the town, however, one at a time, unobserved; and a little company with rifles at last bore heavily down upon the besiegers. There was a hot, heavy fight. One or two were killed on either side. Then the hawk suddenly appeared, having escaped from his prison. Thereupon Black Jack declared himself ready to accept a humble apology from the mayor and withdraw. The mayor gave it, and Black Jack and his companions rode away. I may add that they did not return again. But there was a great joke over the plains about Black Jack having the freedom of Red Cloud for three days.—N. Y. Independent.

## BILL COOK, DESPERADO.

Captured at Last by a Bravo New Mexico Sheriff.

How the Notorious Highwayman and Robber Came to Adopt a Criminal Career—A Story That Will Appeal to the Sentimentally Inclined.

(Special Letter.)

The recent capture of Outlaw Bill Cook by United States Deputy Marshal C. G. Perry in all probability marks the end of organized lawbreaking in the southwest. In many respects Cook was the superior of Jesse James and Bill Dalton. For months he terrorized the people of Oklahoma, the Kansas border and the Texas Panhandle. Strong detachments of government officers and Indian policemen were sent out against him and his band time and again, but were unable to effect his arrest. C. G. Perry, the man who finally captured him near Fort Stanton, is known as one of the ablest officers in New Mexico. He has been a United



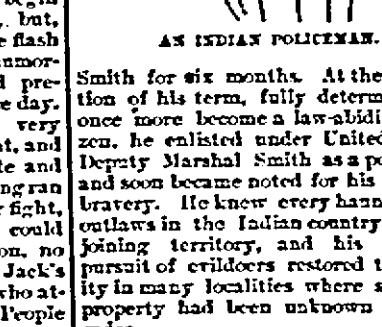
BILL COOK.

States deputy marshal for some time, performing the duties of that office along the Texas line, and at the recent election was chosen sheriff of Chaves county. When Perry caught his man the force at his command consisted of but a few aids, and for this reason he is now hailed as the hero of the day throughout Oklahoma, in which territory Bill Cook will receive his trial.

Bill Cook was the Rinaldo Rissoldini of the fine deersie brigands. Many of his little acts remind one of the gracious courtesy of the Italian highwayman par excellence. But the most romantic feature of his criminal career—and one that will appeal with great force to the sentimentally inclined—is its beginning. If current reports can be believed, the noted train robber was, once upon a time, a really useful member of society. His father was a poor but honorable farmer. His mother, a half-breed Cherokee, his biographers describe as a good woman.

Bill, one of three sons, grew up amid scenes calculated to dry up the milk of human kindness in anybody's veins. Nevertheless he behaved himself pretty well until a few years ago, when he was a cowboy in the Creek nation. He was noted among his rough companions as a daring horseman, a "dead-sure shot" and an all-around good fellow. One day Bill and some of his companions visited the town of Sapulpa. On the way back to their pasture grounds the cowpunchers stopped at the shack of a ranchman named Pittman. In answer to their hallos a pretty, black-eyed damsel came to the door and bade them enter the house. Bill was the only one to accept the invitation. He tried the patience of his companions by tarrying much longer than seemed necessary. They had no idea that Cupid had fired one of his famous darts and had struck the hearts of gallant Bill Cook and charming Martha Pittman. The happy pair made love in the good old way; but Bill, being a forerunner fellow, thought it would be wise to save money for the building of a cozy nest, and in this good intention was encouraged by the girl.

Now comingpinching, although a very healthy, is not a very lucrative occupation, and Cook became a whisky smuggler. For awhile he made lots of money, but one day fell into the clutches of a detachment of revenue officers and was sent to the jail at Fort



AS INDIAN POLICEMAN.

Smith for six months. At the expiration of his term, fully determined to once more become a law-abiding citizen, he enlisted under United States Deputy Marshal Smith as a posseman and soon became noted for his reckless bravery. He knew every haunt of the outlaws in the Indian country and adjoining territory, and his fearless pursuit of criminals restored tranquility in many localities where safety of property had been unknown for decades.

Having accomplished so much for the public good Bill Cook presented himself at the house of Martha Pittman's father and asked the old gentleman for the girl's hand. Instead of receiving the polite reply which he had expected the ardent lover was informed that Martha Pittman should never become the wife of a jailbird. To make a bad thing worse the lovelorn Bill was ordered from the house and told never to show his face again in the vicinity of the Pittman habitation. Little Martha didn't like the way in which her lover was being treated and declared boldly and emphatically that she would marry him clandestinely. But to this proposition

Bill turned a deaf ear. "No," he said, "I will marry you openly and above board, with the old man's blessing thrown in, or I'll go on the warpath and put the whole Cherokee strip on the run on the point of my Winchester."

Bill Cook's word was as good as his bond. He went into the mountains and organized as tough a band of outlaws as ever disgraced American civilization. He terrorized not only individuals but entire communities. In fact he became so famous that old Pittman became quite proud of him and consented to the marriage between his daughter and the robber chief. The old fellow went so far as to secure a marriage license at Muskogee, and the couple would have been made one in October had not a detachment of Indian police been on the trail of the prospective groom at that particular time.

When Cook made his debut as a first-class desperado last June he was twenty-four years of age. At that time E. C. Starr, treasurer of the Cherokee nation, was at Tahlequah, engaged in the pleasant duty of paying out \$6,000,000 of government money to the men of his tribe. Bill Cook happened to read about this transaction in a St. Louis newspaper and, accompanied by his brother Jim, at once started for Tahlequah. On the way they picked up Cherokee Bill, a mixture of white, negro and Indian, and unquestionably one of the worst villains that ever drew the breath of life. To him the Cooks unfolded their plan, which included the murder of Starr and the stealing of the money in his charge. Cherokee Bill was pleased with the prospect, and at once proceeded to enlist seven notorious cutthroats under the Cook banner. The band, thus reinforced boldly rode into Tahlequah and made an attack on Starr's place. After fifteen minutes of desperate fighting the ruffians were repulsed by the treasurer's guards. The leader of the Indian officers, Sequoyah Houston, was killed by the bandits, but Jim Cook, lieutenant of the robber band, was wounded and captured.

Subsequently Bill Cook reorganized and strengthened his band. He made Cherokee Bill his lieutenant and enlisted the most daring members of the Dalton gang—then in the throes of dissolution. After watching his men in "battle," he made promotions, selecting as his "personal staff" seventeen of the wickedest daredevils to be found in the most lawless part of the United States. Every member of this "staff" was compelled to take a fearful oath, the penalty of violation being sudden death. Bill's word was recognized as the only law, and disobedience to any command he might give meant a dose of lead.

After the band had been thoroughly trained, Cook established a central rendezvous in the vicinity of Muskogee and Fort Gibson. From this place he directed his numerous raids. Railroad depots were robbed, small towns looted



BILL COOK.

and trains held up. Travelers were compelled to give up their possessions at the business end of revolvers. At Claremore Cook and his staff robbed the station agent; at Inola they robbed both the station and a train, getting away with everything from cash to canned fruits; the depot at Gibson station was plundered so often that the agent asked to be relieved of his job. Some time in July the gang captured the town of Red Fork, drove the inhabitants into a vacant lot, surrounded them with guards and then proceeded to rob the depot, stores and a train which arrived just in time to be of profit to them. A few days later Bill and his minions raided the bank at Chandler, Okla., during the busiest hour of the day. The raid ended in a fight during which several citizens and outlaws were killed. In October the bandits took the town of Watova by storm and looted every store in the village. From there they rode to Tahala, ten miles distant, and repeated the operation. Two days later the same gang took the town of Cornita, partially wrecked a train, brutally assaulted a number of citizens and committed every depredation of which they could think.

This last outrage aroused the anger of the government officials in Oklahoma and the court authorities at Fort Smith. An army of Indian policemen was sent on the trail of the outlaws, which was kept red with the blood of murdered and maimed victims. A number of the desperados were captured, but Bill Cook escaped and was comparatively safe until Sheriff Perry made up his mind to round him up, dead or alive.

Unless justice miscarries, Bill Cook will stretch hemp before he is two months older, and no one will mourn his departure but Martha Pittman, who has remained faithful to him, and his sister Lela. The latter, by the way, although not a bandit, is one of the unique characters of the Indian country. She is said to be a daring horsewoman, and her favorite amusement is to ride into a frontier town, yelling at the top of her voice and shooting right and left. As a "lady" is never installed in cowboy land, she usually has the streets to herself. Miss Cook, it will surprise some to hear, is reputed as a striking-looking young woman, tall and of magnificent figure. She will, no doubt, be heard from during her brother's trial.

G. W. WHEATBURN.

## WAR REMINISCENCES.

JONES' GREAT SHOT.

It inaugurated a radical change in the Method of Cannonading.

"I led a rather quiet life in the army," remarked Jones. "I had no horses shot from under me. By-the-way, it always seemed to me that we owe an inestimable and little recognized debt to the attraction of gravitation. If it had not been for this salutary force, the air of many states, at the end of the late war, would have been well-nigh filled with able brigadier generals whose horses had been shot from under them, and who had not been hauled down yet."

"You were in the cavalry arm of the service, were you not?" asked Smith.

"Principally, though I was connected at different times with the infantry and artillery as well," answered Jones, guardedly. "I had a fine horse, which I called Hot Cakes. He was a very quick horse. One day when the bugle sounded the charge he started so suddenly that his tail dropped off."

"Now hold on, Jones," said Jackson Peters, firmly; "I've heard that story before."

"No doubt, Jackson, no doubt," replied Jones, with the greatest blandness. "The whole brigade saw the incident happen. Perhaps you got it from the history you studied at school. Bancroft mentions it."

"My service with the artillery," continued Jones, "while lacking the dash of my connection with the cavalry, was really of much importance to the country. I became interested in the artillery through so often charging up to the cannon's mouth. After a year's acquaintance with this disagreeable and petulant end of the cannon I determined to get into touch with the other end, and accordingly got transferred to the artillery. I soon found myself a colonel, and in charge of a small battery."



"MY NERVE WAS AS FIRM AS IRON."

"At the siege of Fort Mifflin on an incident occurred which may be worth repeating. It was during the first day's bombardment that my attention was attracted to the small amount of apparent injury inflicted on the enemy in return for the expenditure in labor, ammunition and noise. That night it happened that I did not sleep well, my throat being hot and parched from lack of water, the tin cup having been shot out of my hand every time I had tried to take a drink all day. While tossing on my feverish cot I conceived the notion that the difficulty, with my battery at least, was that the projectiles were not heavy enough. At the first streak of light, my tent having been shot out of existence during the night, I walked away from my cot, summoned my orderly and made a requisition for a certain eight-inch steel shaft which I happened to know was within our lines. It had been taken from a dismantled ironclad, where it had served as the ram, and was but a short piece some six or seven feet long. My heaviest gun was an eight-inch smooth-bore, and I had decided to use this shaft as a projectile, and tear a breach through the enemy which would hopelessly cripple him."

"At about six o'clock the piece of ram was brought to me. I instantly caused a double charge of powder to be inserted in the eight-inch gun, and then had the shaft forced home on top of it. It was a close fit, which pleased me, as it assured accuracy in firing, and if my aim was good I doubted not to do terrible execution. We were behind earthenworks on a bluff overlooking the enemy's position. My guns pointed downward at a small but noticeable angle. At eight o'clock the bombardment opened sharply all along the line. It was the heaviest firing I ever experienced. I worked the remainder of my battery vigorously for half an hour, then I determined to give the enemy my eight-inch. I had decided to aim the piece myself. Stepping to it, I leaned forward against the breech, put my head down closely, and aimed with the greatest care. My nerve was firm as iron. I felt that the moment for crushing the rebellion had come. The aim was perfect. I touched the vent with my cigar."

"Gentlemen, I have to confess to a miscalculation. Though possessing a thorough knowledge of gunnery, I had made the mistake of having my projectile heavier than my gun. As a consequence the projectile rested where it was and the gun shot back. I was clinging to the breech, and went with it. The trajectory which we, the cannon and I, described was tall to be beautiful, and was observed by the entire army. We struck the ground about three miles back of the union lines, leaving the unfortunate piece of ordnance where it fell. I returned to my battery."

"Then your idea was of no practical value?" said Robinson, as Jones paused in his narration.

"On the contrary, it ended the siege. The next day Gen. Banks reversed every cannon in our lines, loaded them with shrapnel, and threw them into the enemy, with such effect that what little was left of him surrendered."

"Does Bancroft mention this?" asked Jackson Peters, softly.

"Bancroft wasn't there, and knew nothing about it," answered Jones.—Harper's Weekly.

## THE CAPTAIN'S WAR STORIES.

Both of Them Wonderful, Especially the One About Firing at a Part of Smoke.

"When I was commanding a cavalry outpost during the war," said the captain, a former confederate officer, famous for his remarkable war stories, "we were camped near Salem, Va., and it was the only time before, or since, that Virginia has had such heavy rains. We were wet through and through, and almost dead from exposure. I had received for my own use a five-gallon keg of prime old Kentucky whisky from an old friend, but before I had a chance to sample the liquor I was obliged to ride out on a scout."

"All during that ride I was chuckling to myself at the treat I'd give the 'boys' when we got back, and, incidentally, how I would enjoy some of the contents of that keg myself. Well, sir, when we came back after a five hours' ride in that rain, soaked through, hungry and disgusted, I told the men about that keg of old John Harleyscorn. Did they smile? It was the nearest approach to a laugh that had been heard in that section of the country for many a day."

"Upon dismounting, all gathered around my tent. I entered, grabbed a tin cup, smiled and turned the spigot. But not a drop ran out. I pulled the air plug from the top, but there was only the tantalizing odor of the good old 'red eye' Kentucky alone brews. The men were muttering at what they called my ill-timed joke. The disappointment was greater than grieved humanity could bear."

"Suddenly I turned, saw a soldier, happy in his unsteadiness, in front of a tent about fifty feet from me. In all that outpost the only whisky remnant in two weeks was that which I had received. 'Twas but a moment to connect the effect and cause. I found three heavy sleepers in that tent, the ground was wet with rare, soft fragrant liquor, every tin wash basin, cup and vessel was filled with that heavenly liquor. The secret was out, so was the whisky. I investigated and found that these men had learned of my having the keg, had cut some long rice straws, made a conduit some fifty feet in length by joining them together, tapped the keg and run the whisky into their own tent that long distance away."

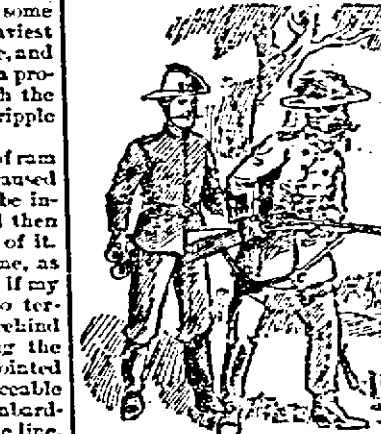
The captain stopped, lighted his cigar anew, while his auditors nervously shifted their positions. None spoke for a full minute. Then the little man who had tramped the region about Salem under "Old Glory" asked in a mild and apologetic voice: "Captain, what does the rice straw amount to now around the Salem country?"

"No rice was ever raised there or thereabouts," said the doughty but forgetful warrior.

The painful silence was finally broken by the captain himself, who spun another yarn, which was as follows:

"When I was commanding a cavalry outpost during the war I had occasion to make a personal examination of the land. I rode with my orderly to a small house half mile from camp, and leisurely began to study my position with the aid of a field glass."

"Suddenly I jerked my head back in volubly, and whizz went a singing rifle ball so close to my ear that I could feel the wind of its flight. A puff of smoke was the only evidence of the sharpshooter. Not once, but five or six times, did this involuntary muscular action take my head backward from the line of the shot and save my life. I never could explain or understand that providential muscular action. Turning to my orderly I seized his carbine, aimed at that smoke a mile away, fired, and all was still again. No more shots came, and we returned to camp. In the afternoon a party of us rode over



"I FIRED HIS CARBINE."

the country, and coming to the spot where the shots had come from in the morning, heard groans.

"They proceeded from a wounded Yankee hidden behind a rail fence. He said he had fired several shots in the morning at a confederate officer on yonder knoll, but had not been able to hit him, though he had good range and was considered a wonderful sharpshooter, and the reb had fired but one shot at him and that with direful results. The ball buried itself in his leg, cutting one of the main arteries. The man was beyond human help. We gave him water, and he soon lost all signs of life. We rode away and left all that was mortal of the poor fellow behind that fence."

This tale was too much. One by one the smokers arose and moved toward the door in silence deepened thoughtful. The first man to reach the door turned, and in a rich New England twang shouted: "I've been called a liar for telling that story, captain, but I'm the sharpshooter who killed that day."—N. Y. World.

The railroad suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, which is one of the oldest railroad bridges in the country, and probably the first large suspension bridge ever built, will soon be taken down and replaced by an arched cantilever bridge. L. L. Buck, who built the bridge, is preparing plans for the new structure.

NORTH DAKOTA has a man named Szysz. The only way to pronounce it correctly is to take snuff first.



[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]  
CHAPTER I.